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# DEEDS OF VALOR

FROM RECORDS IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE  
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

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HOW AMERICAN HEROES WON THE  
MEDAL OF HONOR

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HISTORY OF OUR RECENT WARS AND EXPLORATIONS

FROM PERSONAL REMINISCENCES AND RECORDS OF OFFICERS AND ENLISTED  
MEN WHO WERE REWARDED BY CONGRESS FOR MOST CONSPICUOUS  
ACTS OF BRAVERY ON THE BATTLE-FIELD, ON THE HIGH  
SEAS AND IN ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

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AMONG OTHER RECORDS THE STIRRING ADVENTURES OF:

Admiral W. S. SCHLEY  
Admiral GEO. DEWEY  
Lieut-Gen'l NELSON A. MILES  
Mai.-Gen'l WM. R. SHAFTER  
Admiral D. G. FARRAGUT  
Admiral D. D. PORTER

Admiral GEO. W. MELVILLE  
Lieut. G. W. DeLONG  
General A. W. GREELY  
Commander W. D. CUSHING  
Hon. L. P. di CESNOLA  
Gen'l F. J. BELL

Hon. WM. F. CODY, (Buffalo Bill)  
Gen'l MARION P. MAUS  
Gen'l ARTHUR McARTHUR, Jr.  
Gen'l DELEVAN BATES  
Gen'l JULIUS STAHL  
Hon. JOHN C. BLACK

Edited by W. F. BEYER and O. F. KEYDEL.

INTRODUCTION BY

BRIG.-GEN'L H. M. DUFFIELD, U. S. V.

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Illustrated

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COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES

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VOLUME I

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THE PERRIEN-KEYDEL COMPANY

DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.

1907





**LOVILLO H. HOLMES.**  
Sergt. Co. H, 2nd Minnesota  
Infantry.  
Highest rank attained: Captain.  
Born in Catharungus Co., N. Y.,  
Oct. 10th, 1830.

**BYRON E. PAY.**  
Private, Co. H, 2nd Minn.  
Infantry.  
Born in Le Roy Township, Jef-  
ferson Co. N. Y., Oct. 21st,  
1844.

**MILTON HANNA.**  
Corp. Co. H, 2nd Minn.  
Infantry.  
Born in Jefferson Co., N. Y.,  
Oct 21st. 1844.

## THE "D - - D YANKS" DIDN'T BEG FOR MERCY.

AT NOLENSVILLE, TENN., on the 15th of February, 1863, occurred an incident, in which a small body of Union men had an opportunity to call into play all their energies and determination against a party of the enemy, more than seven times their number. This little squad was composed of sixteen men, of which eight received the Medal of Honor after the war. These eight are Joseph Burger, William A. Clark, James Flannigan, Milton Hanna, Lovilo H. Holmes, Byron E. Pay, John Vale and Samuel Wright, members of the Second Minnesota Infantry. Corporal Milton Hanna, one of the members of this little squad, tells the story of the exploit :

"On Sunday morning, February 15th, 1863, after inspection and before breaking ranks, we were ordered to report at regimental headquarters. Here we found Co. C of the Ninth Ohio, commanded by the second lieutenant, awaiting us, with First Lieutenant H. R. Couse, of Co. C, of the Second Minnesota, who, being the ranking officer, had command of both companies.

"We received orders to go to the front to forage for mules, and started with ten teams. We marched south along the turnpike about three miles from camp, on a cross-road known as Concord Church Road. Here a colored man informed us that just over the hill, about a half mile away, near where the turnpike crossed over, the Sixth Alabama Cavalry, 500 strong, had camped the night before. After satisfying ourselves that this was true, we turned to the left on the mud road, and went a mile east to a farmhouse.



"At this point Sergeant Holmes received orders from Lieutenant Couse, to take fourteen men and four wagons, and go in a southwesterly direction to the foot of a hill near where the turnpike crossed over, and where the enemy was supposed to be, while he with the rest of the company should keep on east about three miles to another farmhouse, to load the other six wagons. We could not understand why we were separated, as there was more forage at either place than the ten wagons could hold.

"On reaching the farmhouse, located on a little hill, with a small creek some eight or ten rods away, we came to a lane leading from the house, some 500 yards in length, running east and west, at the head of which were some barns, cribs, etc., arranged in the form of a letter V. The sergeant at once stationed sentinels at different points to prevent surprise, and John Vale, who stood at the foot of the hill, was soon hailed by a colored man coming on the run, and nearly out of breath, yelling: 'See 'em! See 'em!'

"The enemy were west of the turnpike, and had passed into the timber where we were unable to see them. They aimed to cut us off from our camp and the other foraging party. Sergeant Holmes ordered me to go to the cross-road and see what they were doing, while he returned to the cribs to prepare for defense. I placed myself in a cedar thicket a few rods from where the enemy crossed over the turnpike, and could hear them talk and laugh as the horses' hoofs pattered over the road.

"The captain of the rebel cavalry remarked that he would pick up the squad of fourteen blue-coats and take them prisoners, as they would not offer fight, but throw up their hands and beg for mercy. He would then send them with a small guard, over the hill to the reserve.

"I returned at once and reported, but the enemy had already arrived at the farm. They filed into the field following the same course we had taken, spreading out and making as large a showing as possible, giving us a chance to count them. They numbered 125, all mounted.

"Holmes saw they were coming to us first, and ordered us to get under cover as best we could, and hold our fire until he shot first.

"'We can die'; said he, 'but we'll never surrender.'

"With these orders we took refuge in the buildings. I took shelter in the lower part of the barn, Holmes with two men in the hay-mow, the others in cribs, hog pens, and other out-buildings between the house and barn. When the enemy reached the head of the lane, they put spurs to their horses, each trying to be first to catch a live Yankee. On they came across the creek, yelling: 'Surrender, you damned Yanks!' Moments seemed hours as we sighted our rifles, and waited for the signal gun.

"The advance was less than two rods from us, when three shots from the hay-mow took down the leading horse, which fell on its rider, and held him down during the fight, after which he was taken prisoner. Other shots quickly followed, killing



"WE WERE HOLDING OUR FIRE"





eight horses and wounding several men. The others quickly dismounted, and running back, took shelter behind the fences. During their confusion we had time to reload our guns, and as some loaded quicker than others, we kept up a continuous fire until the enemy were driven away.

"When the fight had continued for some time, I noticed a man sitting on his horse in a very dignified manner, who, we afterwards learned, was the captain in charge of the command. He was out of my range, but I took careful aim and fired. As he did not heed my salute, I gave him two more charges of powder and ball. Those familiar with the old musket know what this meant at my end of the gun. He had occasion to dismount and lead his horse farther back. I yelled that I had to do something on account of my shoulder. This, of course, was done in jest, and the other boys began yelling and asking why they didn't come and take the 'damned Yanks;' if they wanted us.

"The Confederates finally withdrew, and when the smoke had cleared away, we found two dead rebels, several wounded, and ten dead horses. We took three prisoners, and three horses who broke from their riders and came to us. Jim Flannigan was mounted on one of the captured horses and sent to camp, and Charles Krause, on another, was dispatched to the remainder of the company, which was nowhere to be seen at that time.

"We finished loading our wagons, and prepared to return to camp. Our loss was Sergeant Holmes, Charles Liscomb and Sam Loudon, slightly wounded; one mule killed and a wagon-tongue broken. We had three good horses to return to Uncle Sam for the dead mule."

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## THREE HUNDRED YANKEES AGAINST FOUR REGIMENTS.

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ON THE advance to Chancellorsville in the latter part of April, 1863, part of the Sixth New York Cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan McVicar was detailed to the Twelfth Corps and led the right wing of the army, crossing at Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock on the 29th and the Rapidan River at Germania Ford, reaching Chancellorsville in the afternoon of the 30th, when orders were received from General Slocum to go to Spottsylvania Court House and ascertain the force there. From prisoners taken on the advance Colonel McVicar knew that a large body of Confederate cavalry was in front of us, but calling his officers to him, repeated the orders to them, and the bugle sounded "forward." Passing by a road through the woods, they halted where the crossroad led to Spottsylvania Court House. A scouting party was sent to that point and a guard sent to the rear. The command dismounted and lay by the roadside, holding their horses' bridles and, exhausted by continuous work, rested. In a short time the party